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Rhyme and Roundelay.

H. COCHRANE.

DRYSDALE & CO.
MONTREAL.

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MAR 2 4 1961

(FROM THE TORONTO "WEEK.")

"IDEAL AND OTHER POEMS," by Hugh Cochrane.—A wonderfully slight little volume is this, yet it gives evidence of the voice of a singer. The writer has a high moral purpose, and the title of the first poem, which gives its name to the collection, indicates the spirit by which the whole is pervaded. Upwards and onwards is the author's motto. "The Song Unsung" is his hope, and the mark of earthly labor is futility. These verses are true and earnest, and they will find their way to the hearts of those who are likeminded.

Child Alice.

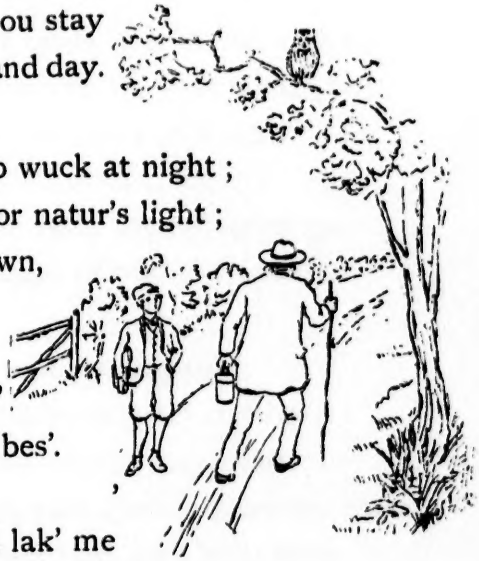
ALICE, the small, has a thoughtful stare,
Fashioning, doubtless, a castle in air ;
Dear little queen,
It's readily seen
That Alice's palace is fair.

Alice reclines in her garden-seat,
Toys she has plenty and
many a treat ;
Well I'm aware,
In watching her there,
That Alice's chalice is sweet.

In Dialect.

THE OLD MAN TALKS OF SLEEP.

NIGHT-OWL cain't be day-bird too,
True for me an' true for you ;
Cain't escape no pain or ache—
Natur's bound ter overtake,
An' she'll ketch you if you stay
'Thout your sleep both night and day.



Owls was born to wuck at night ;
Man was made for natur's light ;
Owl may hoot before the dawn,
Mornin' comes an' den he's
gone—
Knows he's gotter get his res'
If his wuck's to be ther bes'.

Wait till you get old lak' me
Den you'll see jes' lak' I see,
How we gotter get our sleep—
Elsewise we'll hab cause to weep.
True for me an' true for you,
Night-owl cain't be day-bird too.

The Poet.

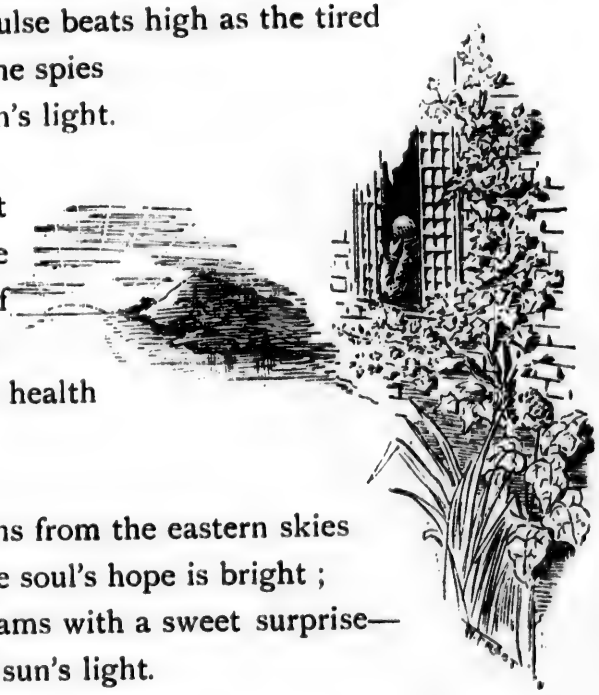
He takes from fertile fields the seeds of thought,
Which, cultured with much pondering, sprout
and grow;
He gleams in fields of solitude, and lo,
Some germ is found by which his soul is taught.
The merest nothings are to him full-fraught;
He gathers inspiration from the glow
Of sunset skies, and when the twilights go
The poet's dream by shades of night is wrought.

His mind is one of sympathy and pain,
Of memories and mirth, of grief and hope:
A mind where very many moods may reign;
Where with each passion diverse passions cope.
His thoughts are glad, but turn with holy awe,
Sad as that round of sprites that Dante saw.

A New Day.

THE new sun's light for the weary eyes
That have seen the black of night!
The pulse beats high as the tired
one spies
The new sun's light.

And the cheeks that
care made white
Become possest of
a glad surmise
Of the young day's health
and might.



A new day dawns from the eastern skies
And the whole soul's hope is bright;
For morning beams with a sweet surprise—
The new sun's light.

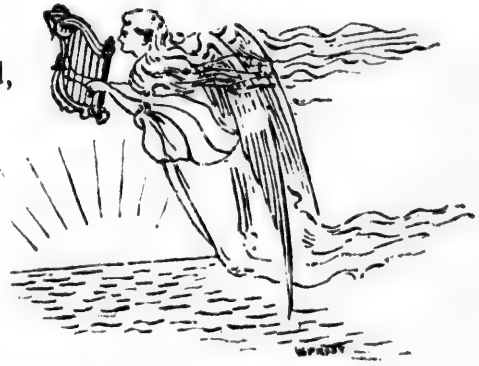
Valentine Song.

VALENTINE, Valentine,
The world has gone to woo,
The sun is bright and hearts are light
And I love you.
With love of you I fill my way
And tell my heart that, come what may,
I'll win your love. "She's mine," I say,
Valentine, Valentine.

Valentine, Valentine,
The heart of me is true
When no sun's bright and no heart's light
I'll still love you.
And fill with love of you my ways,
And fill my eyes with hope, and gaze
To years beyond, oh, happy days!
Valentine,
Valentine.

Ideal.

THE song unsung more sweet shall ring,
Than any note that yet has rung;
More sweet than any earthly thing,
The song unsung!



A harp there lies, untouched,
unstrung,
As yet by man, but time
shall bring,
A player by whose art and
tongue,

This song shall sound to God the King;
The world shall cling as ne'er it clung
To God and heav'n, and all shall sing
The song unsung.

Conquered.

IN the heart's waste places,
Seared by guilt and pain,
Wake the old time faces
Once again.

For a season hidden,
Cast into the deep,—
Rising now unbidden
From their sleep.

Presto! Life's new glories
Smoothe the troubled brow,—
Make the sad old stories
Harmless now.

Why?

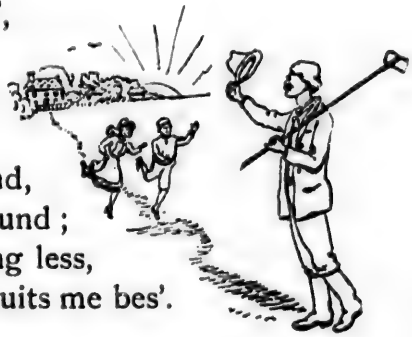
WHY of a friendship ended—
"More sweet, more bitter!" say?
Rather:—"I hold most splendid
Though brief, Love's golden day."

In Dialect.

THE MISSOURIAN AT HOME.

JES' ther home life suits me bes',
Snug as birds into a nes',
Fishin', hoein', choppin' wood,
Like a man mos' allus should.
Plowin', weedin', huntin' coon,
Dinner bell cain't ring too soon ;
Gimme my share with the res',
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
If they ask me why, I sez :—
Home is home, and blood, I say,
Is thicker'n water any day ;
When yer sick yer folks is 'round,
Like as when yer safe and sound ;
Gimme home and nothing less,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.



Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Bes' on earth for grub, I guess,
One harsh word to millium sweet,
This here home life cain't be beat ;
Little comferts mount up still,
Like as how an hour glass will ;
Laughin' kids in dirty dress,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Absence.

NOT that I hate the way,
Nor bid the time too quickly pass away
That keeps me from you, but I gladly say
"Gone is another day."

Not that I scorn the time
Of waiting, but the Angelus sublime
More than the music at the morning's prime
Consoles me with its chime.

Not that the days shall go
Without their recompense for being, no,
Each day shall have its reason, work to show,
Then,—I have loved you so!

All Things New.

"BEHOLD, I will make all things new;"
And sight of sorrow, sense of sin,
Shall be unknown forever to
The life within.

A Child held out its Hand.

A CHILD held out its hand to me,
A wee hand for the child was wee:
A strange child on an unknown street,
A sweet child, all its ways were sweet,

Oh, long ago, the Christ, methought,
In infant life, divinely wrought,
Held out his hand to some poor thief,—
Gave benediction and relief.

So full the baby hands of love,
That I would wish, in heav'n above,
Some young soul I might always see
To stretch forth holy hands to me.

Friendship.

E learn a lesson from a season spent
In thinking o'er old friends; the friends who gave
This life its mellowness; who tried to save
From carking care our spirits; those who lent
Their kind advice to every small event;
Who cheered us on, the fiercest storms to brave;
Who sought our paths with pleasantness to pave,—
In whose departure gleams of sunshine went.

So comes the lesson. This one only thought
Sounds in the middle of our reveries:
"If these had never lived and never brought
Before my life their many harmonie
What had I been?" We learn a little, then,
How much we are in debt to other men!

In Dialect.

A LIMB, NAMED JIM.

JIM, Jim, Jim.
Ther' was nobody just like him ;
Always jokes for the chil'ren
Always sparkle and vim.
Plenty of fun where Jim was,
For he was a jolly limb ;
And plenty of larks where Jim was—
Jim, Jim, Jim.

Brother to all the girls he was,
But chiefly one of the boys ;
Best of friends with the old folks,
(And then, he *would* stop his noise.)
Work twenty hours at a stretch, he would,
And then be full to the brim
With a rollicksome, frolicsome spirit,
Jim, Jim, Jim.

Jim's been away for a while now,
But Jim, Jim, Jim,
He's coming home to his folks again,
Bright and jolly and trim !
When he got through his laughing
He'd start and sing a hymn,—
Affable, laughable fellow
Jim, Jim, Jim.

Hope Deferred.

WHILE days go by we watch and wait
For things that are to be, and cry,
In hope deferred, "'Tis late, 'tis late,"
While days go by.

And as days go we still must sigh
For those fair ships of richest freight,
Which were to reach us bye-and-bye;

Still must endure and calculate;
And we who search some silent sky
For signs, may not our search abate
While days go by.

Wreath of Hearts.

I TOO will tell my beads. My chaplet fair
Is one great, endless prayer,
Long as my life, Death comes before it ends;
The beads? My friends.

A Dream.

I DREAMED that you came and sat by me
And you were awfully glad,
And I was as dull as dull could be,
Though I wasn't exactly sad;
But I knew it was good of you to come
And sit by me, like that,
When you were so jolly, and I was so glum
I couldn't give tit-for-tat.

And then on the morning after that dream
I went and I sat by you,
And you were not well, and it didn't just seem
To me that the dream would come true.
Did you think it was good of me to come
And sit by you, like that?
When I was so jolly and you were so glum?
If so, it was tit-for-tat.

The Message.

FROM one who dwells in comfort
For the many who dwell in care,—
They are pitied by God in His Heaven—
God pities and yearns for them there.

For those who dwell in sorrow :—
There is comfort in spite of care,
For a heaven can reign in the bosom,
And Heaven is fadeless as fair.

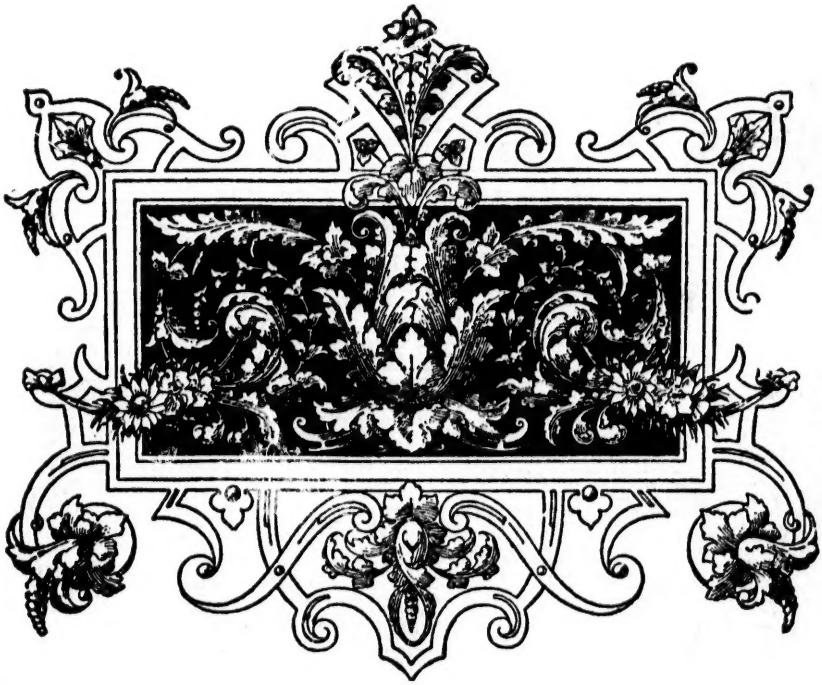
And all shall dwell in comfort,
Yea, the many who dwell in care—
They shall open their hearts to the Heaven,
And a heaven shall fill them there.

Your Laughing Face.

YOUR laughing face has cheered me, friend of mine,
So gay it is, yet gently full of grace;
I say 'tis charming, yet,—
who could define
Your laughing face?

Away, away the clouds of care you
chase;
Lo, on your forehead there is not a line;
Dull grief departs, because it finds no place.

The world shall love that delicate design;
And so I pray, that, while time flies apace,
You still may keep, though other gifts decline,
Your laughing face.



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